

The Fresno

morning

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INVASION OF LONDON

Royal Personages Gathering for the Jubilee.

HEAVY STORM ON THE CHANNEL

The City Agitated Over the Prospective Weather for Tuesday, Procession Day.

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LUXEMBOURG, June 19.—Two questions are agitating London. The prospective weather of the Jubilee days, the procession day, Tuesday, especially, and how to get to the sea from which to view the procession.

A storm on Tuesday would almost amount to a calamity and would spoil the entire show. The majority of the incunabula stand along the route are quite uncovered, and even the houses of Commons stands do not boast of awnings. In many cases sent owners have been notified that they will not be allowed to use umbrellas.

There is an absolute corner on all kinds of vehicles, and it will cost more to drive to the sea than it has to secure.

Since early morning royal personages and special representatives of other nations have been pouring into London, this being the date from which they are guests of the government. The principal railway stations of the continental lines present an animated appearance. Their platforms are covered with red carpets and royal carriages are continually in attendance.

The invasion is complicated by a heavy storm, raging on the channel, which is upsetting all calculations.

Americans generally are to the fore in the jubilee, though vast numbers, after a few days in London, head to the country.

United States Ambassador Colonel John Hay, the staff of the United States embassy, Rear Admiral J. N. Miller, Commander W. H. Ennor, chief of Admiral Miller's staff and Captain Cook of the United States cruiser Brooklyn have been given seats in the St. Paul's church for the ceremony on Wednesday.

Lieutenant J. G. Colwell, U. S. N., naval attaché of the United States embassy, will ride in the procession.

After the procession Colonel Hay will entertain the Americans. His official dinner to Whiteman's Club, the United States special envoy to the jubilee, is fixed for June 20th.

Many prominent English people and Americans have been invited, and invitations have also been sent to several foreign heads of state.

Admiral Miller gave a reception to the United States steamship Brooklyn. Admiral Sir Newall Salmon, the British naval commander at Portsmouth, and many other British and foreign admirals and commanders were present.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who represents the United States army at the jubilee, and his aids in camp, Captain Myles, took up their quarters at the Backing-hall Palace hotel today.

The Queen has written a letter to the people, which will shortly be published.

The military invasion of London began this morning, camps having been formed in Hyde park, Battersea park and elsewhere. The popular side of the celebration opened this afternoon with a march through the east end of London of all the detachments of the colonial troops now in this city from various parts of the world. The colonials were escorted by detachments of the royal artillery and life guards. Several bands of music took part in the display.

LARGE HOTEL BURNED.

Fire at New Orleans at 2:25 This Morning.

New Orleans, La., June 20.—At 2 a.m. fire broke out in the building adjoining the Pickwick hotel on Carondelet street and soon communicated to the hotel building. At this hour, 2:25 a.m., the hotel is burning furiously and will be heavily damaged if not entirely destroyed.

The building was sold a few weeks ago for \$150,000 and is to be converted into a dry goods store, but is still furnished as a hotel. There were only half a dozen guests in the hotel.

G. A. R. Encampment.

DENVER, June 19.—A special to the Denver, from Boise, Idaho, says: The annual encampment of the department of Idaho, G.A.R., opened here yesterday and today the election and installation of officers occurred. The new officers are: Department commander, Linder Scott of Mission; senior vice commander, N. F. Kimball of West; junior vice commander, Alexander Bush, minister of Boise; medical director, S. M. O. Reynolds of Salubria; chaplain, E. Nettington of Salubria. Moscow was selected as the place for the next encampment.

Nominations Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—The senate today confirmed the following nominations:

Stewart L. Woodford of New York to minister to Spain.

Clinton A. Shewman of Tacoma, Wash., to be commissioner of lands of the Puget Sound Indian reservation in Washington.

J. W. Furtle of Columbia City, Ind., to be commissioner in and for the district of Alaska.

Maurice D. O'Connell of Iowa to be solicitor of the treasury.

Baseball at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—A drizzling rain interfered greatly with the ball players at Central park this afternoon, but it did not prevent the Sacramento Gilt Edge team from defeating their opponents, the Violets of this city by a score of 16 to 2.

Rain at Stockton.

STOCKTON, June 19.—Light sprinkles were noticed here this afternoon and the weather has been cool and pleasant. At midnight rain commenced to fall and came down pretty steady, but not heavy enough to do any harm to crops. It seems to be a light rain, and is coming down gently.

Lawn Tennis Champion.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19.—Miss Juliette Atkinson, the lawn tennis expert from Brooklyn, is once more champion of America. She today was back from Miss Besse Moore of New Jersey, her conqueror of last year, the laurels she held in 1895, the score being 6-3, 6-3, 6-4, 1-6, 6-3.

VICTORIOUS REBELS.

Government Troops of Uruguay Completely Rout.

New York, June 19.—The *Herald's* correspondent in Montevideo, Uruguay, says that the rebels have gained a decided victory over the government troops commanded by General Villar. The government troops were completely routed and left the field in undisciplined possession of the revolutionists. No estimate of the killed and wounded has yet been received in Montevideo, but it is believed that the loss will be heavy on both sides. Reports are to the effect that the government troops are now being reinforced and are preparing to march against the revolutionists again. This victory for the rebels adds another to their long list of recent triumphs which have all been marked by severe fighting.

LONG DISTANCE PIGEONS.

Expected to Fly From Kansas City to Montpelier, Vt.

KANSAS CITY, June 19.—Two homing pigeons were liberated in Kansas City which are expected to make the longest carrier pigeon flight on record—from Kansas City to Montpelier, Vt. The birds were brought here by Chester Palmer, a carrier pigeon fancier of Cincinnati, to whom they had been shipped from their home in Vermont.

Palmer immediately left for Dallas, Texas, where he will liberate another pair of birds. The cost of this pair is at Valparaiso, Ind., and they will start on their homeward journey on Sunday evening.

NORTON'S SHORTAGE.

Said to Be a Defaulter to the Extent of \$50,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—The evening paper today publishes sensational statements to the effect that Isaac Norton, the cashier of the internal revenue office, who committed suicide on Wednesday last, was a defaulter to the extent of \$50,000. The officials by whom an investigation into the affairs of the office are being made decline to either affirm or deny the statement.

POINTS TO BE WEIGHED

IN CONSIDERING THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

Senator Perkins is Doubtful of the Wisdom of the Policy.

New York, June 19.—A dispatch to the *World* from Washington, says: Senator Perkins of California is strongly disposed to join his Democratic colleague, Senator White, in opposition to the proposed annexation of Hawaii.

"I am familiar with the islands," said he, "and I am very doubtful as to the wisdom of this policy. There is one point of some moment," continued Mr. Perkins, "that I have not yet seen touched upon. We have last year or two years ago have a large number of merchant vessels built off the Clyde for the Hawaiian trade. They fly the Hawaiian flag, but are English vessels.

Under the proposed treaty those ships would naturally become entitled to American registry, for they would come in with the islands.

"There is nothing in the treaty to prevent them from coming in, nor to prevent the English from building more vessels in anticipation of annexation and claiming American registry for all of them. In that case there would probably soon take away all of our coastwise trade and render idle for some years our American shipyards."

"There is another, and perhaps more important question involved. The annexation of Hawaii would, it seems to me, utterly ruin the sugar industry that is now beginning to assume considerable proportions in California and other parts of the West. With cool labor the Hawaiians can produce sugar and refine it for cents a pound. Best sugar costs anywhere from 3½ to 4 cents a pound in products, and we could compete. Then, too, the sailors of Hawaii have a trust just as tyrannical and important as the sugar trust, and it would not be long before the two joined forces and had the whole country at their mercy."

"I shall not set up my personal views against those of a majority of the people, but I am far from being an enthusiastic annexationist. The idea that we need Hawaii as a coaling station in foolish, since going from San Francisco to Japan or China would have to go around the Horn out of their way to touch at Hawaii."

"It would be much more convenient to establish a coaling station on one of the Aleutian Islands, which already belong to us and are within about twenty-five miles of the path of ocean travel."

"We do not appreciate, either, the argument that we need Hawaii because of its strategic value. The islands are 2000 miles from San Francisco, and land has at Eucla, Australia, for which she is every day rendering more and more impossible, and which is much more favorably disposed towards a proposition to purchase British Columbia. It would be much more valuable to us than Hawaii."

SEVERE STORMS SOUTH

GREAT DAMAGE IN THE GULF STATES AND TENNESSEE.

Terrific Electric Disturbances—Fire at Montgomery, Ala.—Telegraph Wires Crippled.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 20.—A severe storm prevails tonight in nearly all of the gulf states and southern Tennessee. About 1 a. m. all telegraphic communication with Memphis and New Orleans was stopped by the collapse of the wires in the lower Mississippi valley. The great extent of the territory covered by the storm is indicated by the fact that the wires on the northern coast routes from Atlanta to New Orleans are also down.

At Montgomery, Ala., the electric disturbance was terrific. The lightning struck the Western Union wires near the city and leaping sparks in the office of that company at Montgomery caused a fire which destroyed the building. The damage is estimated at about \$40,000. There are no reports of heavy wind accompanying the storm. In fact nothing is known of what occurred south of here beyond the limits of the telegraphic system and the fire at Montgomery.

Rain at Stockton.

STOCKTON, June 19.—Light sprinkles were noticed here this afternoon and the weather has been cool and pleasant. At midnight rain commenced to fall and came down pretty steadily, but not heavy enough to do any harm to crops. It seems to be a light rain, and is coming down gently.

NEW GERMAN CABINET

Emperor William Decides Upon a Shakeup.

FARMERS IN A BAD PLIGHT

Dissolution of the Produce Exchange Places Them in the Dark as to Prices of Products.

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BERLIN, June 19.—In spite of the secret official denials, there is no doubt that a new shuffling of the cabinet has been decided upon by the Emperor, Dr. von Bismarck, the vice-president of the council of ministers and imperial secretary of state for the interior, the vice-chancellor and Prince Hohenlohe's mouthpiece in the Reichstag and diet, has intensely dissatisfied his majesty by repeated recent failures to vigorously represent the government during important debates. Emperor William is especially interested in the failure of Dr. von Bismarck to reply to Herr Richter's terrible arraignment of his ministry's policy and acts in the Reichstag on May 18th.

Dr. Miguel, the minister of finance, will replace Dr. von Bismarck with increased prerogatives, and will be responsible for the task of introducing the imperial measures of the government and especially the navy sciences, association bills, etc., being an eloquent speaker, which the chancellor is not.

Prince Hohenlohe will retain the chancellery, although he is anxious to retire to private life, but he has permitted himself to be persuaded to stick to his post until the time of the presentation of his new cabinet, which is to be proposed by Dr. Miguel taking most of the burden of the office upon himself.

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THE MISSING LINK

By RODRIGUEZ CITOLOENGLU

Wright, 1865, by the Author.
The object of my visit," began Mr. Barnes, "is of such grave importance that I approach it with hesitation, and may even say reluctance. Will you give me your closest attention?"

"I understood from your note," replied Mr. Mitchell, "that you wished to consult me in regard to some case which you are investigating. As you are well aware, I take the keenest interest in the solving of criminal problems. Therefore proceed. Let me light a cigarette. A good cigar always aids my perception."

The two men were in the sumptuous library of Mr. Mitchell's new house, which he had bought for his wife shortly after their marriage. It was 10 in the morning, and Mr. Mitchell, just from his breakfast room, was comfortably attired in a smoking jacket. After lighting his cigar, he threw himself into a large, Turkish chair, rested his head upon the soft cushioned back and extended his silkened feet toward the grate fire, his legs crossed. As he blew little rings of smoke toward the detective, he seemed absolutely unconscious of the story about to be told.

Mr. Barnes, on the contrary, appeared at 11 at noon. He declined a cigar, and, without removing his overcoat, he leaned his left arm on the low marble mantel on which talking, his right being free for gesturing when he wished to emphasize a point.

"After a brief pause he began: "While I am not officially connected with the regular police, my young friend Barnes is, and is highly esteemed by the superintendent. You will remember him in connection with that case up in New Hampshire. On that occasion he held opinions views from mine and we worked against each other. But he learned his lesson, and since that time we have been close friends. Now he often consults me when puzzled."

"Something that you have recently told me," interjected Mr. Mitchell.

"Everybody," said Mr. Barnes, "turns cold upon me about noon on last Sunday. The story which he had to tell was the most remarkable in some respects; that I have heard. Briefly it is as follows: As you know, it is common practice among speculating builders to erect a row of houses, finishing them at one end first, so that, not infrequently, one or two of the row may be sold while the speculators are still at work at the other end. In that manner ten houses have been built in this inauspicious vicinity."

"In the street just back of me," said Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. Barnes watched him closely at this moment, but he seemed entirely composed and merely attentive. The detective proceeded:

"It appears that two of these houses have been sold and are already occupied. The next four are completed, and the sign 'For Sale' appears in the windows. The others are still in the hands of the workers. The four which are for sale are in the care of a watchman. They are open for inspection during the day, but he is supposed to lock all the doors before going to his home in the evening and to open them to the public again on the following day. According to this man, he locked all the doors of these four houses on Saturday night at 6 o'clock and opened them again at 8 on Sunday morning. Between 8 and 9 he showed two parties through one of the houses, and after dismissing the last was sitting on this stoop reading the morning paper, when he was startled by hearing a scream."

"A moment later he saw two women rush out of the house next to where he sat, and from their actions it was evident that they were terribly frightened. It was some time before he could get any lucid explanation from either, and when he did he understood them to intimate that some one had been murdered in the house. He asked them to show him to the spot, but they most positively declined. He therefore, with unusual display of courage, summoned a policeman and with him visited the room indicated by the frightened women, who made no attempt to run away, though they again refused to go into the house, even with the officer. What the two men found was horrible enough to account for the women's actions. In the bathtub lay the body of a woman, the head, hands and feet having been cut off, removed."

"I should say that under these circumstances identification would be most difficult," said Mr. Mitchell, "unless indeed the clothing might afford some clew."

"The body was made," said the detective.

"In that case, you have to deal with a man who has brains."

"'Tis the murderer who adopted just such methods as I would imagine that you would pursue, Mr. Mitchell, were in his predicament."

Mr. Mitchell frowned very slightly, and said:

"You offer me a doubtful compliment, Mr. Barnes. Proceed with your case. It is interesting, to say the least."

"It grows more and more as we proceed, for we have once more an evidence of the fatuity of pluming a crime which shall leave no clew behind."

"All the time you have found a clew?" said Mr. Mitchell, removed his cigar to speak, and did not resume his smoking, but seemed more attentive.

"Listen!" said the detective. "The policeman immediately notified his superior, and by 10 o'clock Burrows was at the house, having been detailed to make an examination. Having done so, and recognizing that he was face to face with a crime of unusual importance, he hastened to solicit my assistance, that I might be early upon the scene. I am satisfied that I reached the scene before any material alteration had been made in any of those small and minute details which are overlooked by the clever eye, but which speak volumes to one with experience."

"I suppose that then, you can describe what existed from your personal investigation? That is more interesting than a report of secondhand."

"I went over the ground thoroughly, as I think you will admit when I have told you all. There was one of those wonderful cases where the criminal exercised extreme caution to obfuscate all traces of the crime. His actions could only be summed up through analytical and deductive methods. There are some facts which cannot be hidden and from them a keen mind may trace backward. For example, the head and extremities had been removed, and a minute scrutiny of the remaining parts might disclose many things."

"At this we note the triumph of mind over matter." There was just a slight pause, which netted the detective. Mr. Barnes proceeded with some asperity. Indeed he spoke more like himself—that is, with less hesitancy, as though to relate what he had found, the story had to tell, but that now his scruples had vanished.

"An examination of the stumps of the arms proved conclusively that a man's hand had been used, for not only

had the tendons and vessels been cleanly severed, but in two of the pieces the ends of the tendons had been shaved off smoothly."

"Come, Mr. Barnes," said Mr. Mitchell, "do not dwell so upon your pertinent details."

"The weapon is always counted as a very important detail," said Mr. Barnes sharply.

"Yes, yes! I knew!" said Mr. Mitchell. "But you are above the ordinary detective, and you surely perceive that it is matter of no consequence whether the knife used was sharp or dull. In either case it could be hidden or destroyed, so that it could not be found to serve in evidence."

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Barnes testily. "I will come to the deductions concerning the neck. Here there were several points of interest. Again it was evident that a sharp knife was used, and in this instance the condition of the edge of the knife became important."

"Indeed? How so?"

"The most minute scrutiny of the body disclosed no wound which could have been the cause of death. Unless poison had been administered, there are but three ways by which death could have been effected."

"And those are?"

"Suffocation, either by choking or otherwise; drowning, by holding the head under the water; or by some mortal wound inflicted about the head, either by a blow, the use of a knife or a pistol shot. I doubted the pistol, because an expert man as the assassin evidently was, would have avoided the noise. A shot with a revolver would be audible, but multiply because of the gun which could easily result in the gun being discharged."

"And are you intending to examine all the watch chains in the neighborhood upon such a chance as that?"

"I have examined the only chain I found upon the victim, but the portion of the chain which I found is not in the possession of the killer."

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"To whom the woman it would have been necessary to half fill the tub with water before thrusting the victim in it, and such an action would have aroused her suspicion. Besides, the clothes would have been wet, and this would have interfered with burrowing them."

"How by evolution I arrived at the belief that the woman had been crushed to death, a method offering the least risk, being noiseless, and bloodless."

"What but the sharpness of the knife to do with this?"

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THE FRESNO MORNING REPUBLICAN
Fresno, Fresno County, California
published by
The Fresno Republican Publishing Co.

J. W. SHORT, Editor and Manager.
The Great Newspaper of the San Joaquin Valley.
Largest Circulation. - The Most News.

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Daily Republican, six months, by mail, \$3.00
Daily Republican, monthly, by carrier, \$1.00
Weekly Republican, one year, by mail, \$1.50
Weekly Republican, six months, by mail, 75¢

ABSURD MISSTATEMENT.

The esteemed afternoon paper seems to have lost its head entirely in its efforts to establish A. B. Butler's claim to "credit mainly due" for securing the passage in the senate of the Dingey bill duties on raisins and Zante currants. In its issue of yesterday it says:

"It is pretty generally known to whom credit is due in this connection, and there can be no doubt the people know it where it belongs and think God is in the general scramble they have not been left in the lurch. Congratulations are in order and not kickings."

Congratulations are certainly in order, but they would most decidedly not be if there were any truth in the statements which follows the paragraph quoted above. After referring to the amount of effort which has been put forth to secure the duties now assured for California products, that paper asks and answers the following question:

"With what result? That up to date they have managed to nail in the Dingey bill duties accorded our products under the much maligned Wilson bill. Nothing more. The threats of an election alleged to have been based on protection to American industries and a three month's struggle before congress had ended in leaving the duties on our products where the Democratic tariff bill had placed them. Republican protection does not seem to protect!"

It is utterly incomprehensible that any public journal claiming to give its readers correct information should make such statements as the above. It surely cannot expect that anybody can be deceived by such bald perversion of fact.

The Wilson bill gave raisins a duty of 1½ cents per pound; the new schedule, now assured of becoming a law, is 2½ cents; the Wilson bill duty on Zante currants is 1½ cents, the new schedule is 2 cents; Wilson bill rates on prunes, plums and figs, less than 1½ cents per pound, the new schedule 2 cents; oranges, lemons and limes, materially increased from Wilson bill rates to 1 cent per pound. In brief, the duties on nearly all products of California orchards are very materially increased, our raisins and citrus fruits being especially favored. That our wool, wine, live-stock, hides and other agricultural products will be likewise given increased duties over those fixed by the Wilson bill cannot be doubted in view of the policy so clearly manifested of giving the farmers and other producers of raw material protection equal to that given the manufacturers.

There can be no doubt at this time that the new minister to Spain will take his departure within a few days for his post of duty, and has been instructed by President McKinley to impress upon the Spanish government these three vital points:

First.—The United States is not actuated by an unfriendly feeling towards Spain.

Second.—The United States does not desire to take advantage of Spain's troubles with her colony to bring about the annexation of Cuba to this country.

Third.—But unless Spain will herself make a move toward meeting the inevitable, toward giving Cuba freedom, the United States will be compelled to interfere, and in the case of intervention annexation naturally follow.

This means of course that Spain is to be brought to terms, and that specifically in the meantime apparently reliable reports are at hand that Weyler has been ordered to discontinue his inhuman methods of warfare. Light is evidently breaking for stricken Cuba. It is not only to relieve from the horrors of Spanish cruelty, but it is to have independence. The only regret is that it could not have come sooner.

This common impression that physical vigor is not developed to any considerable extent in a warm climate has been given a serious set-back by the Sacramento baseball team. The section which produces raisins and oranges in their perfection has a climate which may without exaggeration be classed as warm, but the record of its baseball team up to date shows no lack of physical prowess when it comes up against the muscular sons of California anywhere from the snow-capped Sierras to the fog-soaked region by the shimmering sea. Fresno's baseball team is all right, and so is her ardent climate.

All of ex-Queen Lili's plaints are sufficiently answered by the fact that the native Hawaiians are a hopeless minority in her dominion and could not hope to govern if the United States should ever all its relations with the islands over which she once reigned.

Everybody who honors a good woman who has rendered a notable service to the world will rejoice that the reports concerning Queen Victoria's loss of sight have been grossly exaggerated.

RANDOM REMARKS.

The San Francisco grand jury has reported that while girls are ruined in the Chinese opium dens of that city. Which is probably true, but it does seem that a girl who would go into an opium den, in the first place, be muddling willing to be ruined.

A merchant's picnic near Oakland, yesterday, was a "newspaper" men's picnic in which the prizes were a case of brandy, a case of whisky and a vest. One can understand about the vest, but what under the sun was the vest supposed to be for?

An Englishman who has not lived in some tornado-haunted part of the East can sufficiently appreciate the blessing which is his in living where that sort of thing is not known. Neither can such a one comprehend the fear which is in the breasts of the inhabitants of some parts of the national domain whenever an unusual-looking cloud creeps in the northwest sky. They are scared to death at their seeming of fury. I have seen one or two, and if Heaven is good to me, I never will see another. California may not sell somebody, but it is good enough for me.

It is confidently expected that the Southern Pacific will buy the Goshen branch and build a broad-gauge road over its right of way now that the Valley road is nearing Visalia. The business of that town is too large to be surrendered entirely to the competing road. The oldest town in the valley is about to renew its youth.

And now comes the Alameda Encinal,

FLOWERY TARIFF ARGUMENT

When the proposition was made to increase the duties levied upon imports flowers by the Wilson tariff, certain of the country's most prominent free traders arose to the emergency in a way that cannot fail to impress their fellowmen. The press dispatches give the following all too brief report of the burning eloquence evoked by the proposed duty:

"I am bound to say this is an outrage," declared Vest, "that we are to be taxed on the flowers brought into our house and to adorn our dead, is an outrage. It is simply designed to allow these nurserymen to raise their prices. What will our Republican friends tax next? Will it be the air we breathe? Will they be taxing the atmosphere and taxing the oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen because they are raw materials?

Alton briefly answered that orchids were hardly a flower to be found in popular taste. He pointed out that 1884 included a number of these flowers and this was merely a broadening of the law.

Jones of Arkansas protested against making it a crime for our people to beautify and decorate their homes and bring a little brightness into them.

Mr. K. Keogh and the Buckland-Kephart Comedy Company make their first appearance at the Barton opera house next Monday night, is a bright clean comedy with the following plot:

Mr. Ike Isaacs, a young Jew, marries a woman he superior in years or money. After a few months of honeymoon, Ike discovers his resources are entirely shot off and he is a penniless husband.

Mr. Robert Elliot, a bosom friend of Ike's, while at Long Branch meets Louise, Mr. Isaacs' step-daughter whom Louise, a retired country merchant six years ago, promises to intercede behalf of Robert Elliot and Louise, when Mr. Andrews antecedent to Louise for Longs, who, thinking he is pleading for Robert Elliot, joyfully accepts the proposal.

Prior to his marriage Ike has had a flirtation with Henrietta, the wife of Reddy Rattleback, a friend of his school days. In order to satisfy Henrietta's supposed jealousy and fearing some trouble, Ike at his marriage gives her \$500. At the expiration of time of payment of the note, Henrietta sends Ike a letter requesting him to settle. Ike goes to the police station at the time, calls at his house to get time extended on the note, when Reddy Rattleback (Henrietta's husband) arrives. Ike is placed in a closet until Reddy Rattleback has left the house. Ike then discovers he has been dining with his friend's wife and he immediately goes and gets drunk, returns to his home and declares himself a pauper. His wife, Henrietta, follows him to his home, which is now alarmed and concealed in his wife's room.

Reddy Rattleback (Henrietta's husband), remembering it is Ike's birthday, calls with a present of the occasion. The plot then thickens until the explosion is reached at the end when Reddy discovers his wife. An exciting follow and Reddy is compelled to return to his wife. Henrietta, Louise marries Robert Elliot. Mr. Ike is master of the situation, many specialties are introduced during the action of the play and it makes one continue to laugh from start to finish. After the curtain drops the manager will present a number of views that cannot be described on paper, but must be seen to be appreciated. Monday night ladies will be admitted free when accompanied by a person with a \$2 ticket.

The admission that we must levy duties upon imports in order to get a revenue cuts no figure when it comes to taxing people who buy foreign flowers.

The attempt to do so is but weakly described as an outrage. It is worse; infinitely worse. It is a blow direct upon the backbone of the very cream of the land, the heart and soul of whose delicate sensibilities the flowers of foreign lands are as necessary as the air they breathe and a good deal more inspiring.

Senators Vest and Jones have earned the undying gratitude of all such "plain people."

The new minister to Spain will take his departure within a few days for his post of duty, and has been instructed by President McKinley to impress upon the Spanish government these three vital points:

First.—The United States is not actuated by an unfriendly feeling towards Spain.

Second.—The United States does not desire to take advantage of Spain's troubles with her colony to bring about the annexation of Cuba to this country.

Third.—But unless Spain will herself make a move toward meeting the inevitable, toward giving Cuba freedom, the United States will be compelled to interfere, and in the case of intervention annexation naturally follow.

This means of course that Spain is to be brought to terms, and that specifically in the meantime apparently reliable reports are at hand that Weyler has been ordered to discontinue his inhuman methods of warfare. Light is evidently breaking for stricken Cuba. It is not only to relieve from the horrors of Spanish cruelty, but it is to have independence. The only regret is that it could not have come sooner.

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WHITE FRONT DEPARTMENT STORES—RADIN & KAMP.

Free! Free! Free!**SWING INTO LINE**

And get a book free with every purchase of \$2 and upwards in the

Shoe Department

OF THE

White Front Stores

We have decided to give every customer who buys Shoes to the amount of \$2 or over a handsome cloth-bound book, something that every lover of first-class literature will be proud to add to his library, as they are the works of the most eminent authors—Dickens, Cooper, Scott, Hawthorne, Irving, Dumas, Russell, Hardy, Elliott, Byron, Moore, Bryant, Whittier, Milton and others.



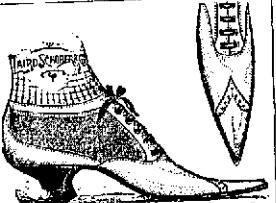
Ladies' Stylish
Lace Shoes,

In green, with silk vesting tops or kid tops; also the Oxblood Dark Chocolate, in all the new toes and styles, the most popular shoe shown this season.

We are Sole Agents for

Laird, Schober & Co.'s
Ladies' Fine Shoes,

And carry a complete stock in all their new productions. Nearly every lady who wears fine shoes is acquainted with this make and they stand at the head for style, fit and durability.



During this week we will sell a line of

Ladies' Low Shoes,

French heels, all styles of toes, black, tan or oxblood, at \$2.50 and \$3.

Our line of
Ladies' \$2 Southern
and Oxford Ties

Is still complete, all styles and sizes, black, chocolate or oxblood.



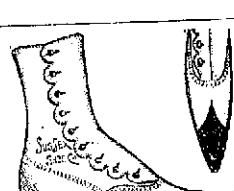
All our finest grades of

Misses' and Children's

Shoes and Ties

Are now being sold at greatly reduced prices. They are all new and nobly styles and come in black, oxblood and chocolate.

We have now in stock quite a number of broken lots of



Misses' and
Children's Shoes

That will be closed out at 50c, 75c, \$1, and \$1.25. Good styles, black, tan and oxbloods.

Our entire line of

Men's Colored Shoes

Must go—\$5 Hand-sewed Shoes at \$4, \$4 shoes at \$3.25, \$3 shoes at \$2.25, &c. They include some of the very best makes to be had.



PATENT APPLIED FOR

Ladies' Leggings in Canvas, Tweeds, Corduroy and Leather, lace or button, all colors and styles, over fifty different styles to select from. Just the thing for bicycle and mountain wear. The prices are the lowest—35c, 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Don't fail to see the large display of Stock in our show windows and note the low prices.

IN MILLINERY

The Lucas goods are going very rapidly, and will soon be things of the past as far as the White Front Stores are concerned. Our prices are making the Millinery Goods go, and the combined stocks are fast being depleted.

EXTRA SPECIAL IN MEN'S CLOTHINGFor the next five days we will sell all our \$5 and \$6 **\$3.50**

Pants at—

These are the same in quality and make as the tailors sell for \$10. See our windows.

The White Front Stores
1027, 1029 and 1031 I Street,
RADIN & KAMP.

THE FRESNO MORNING REPUBLICAN

United States Department of Agriculture—
Weather Bureau.

PAGE, JUNE 20.—Observations taken at 10 a.m. in the afternoons.

Temperature.....	70.89
Humidity.....	59
Temperature, dry bulb.....	71
Humidity.....	59
Wind, 56 miles per hour.....	2
Maximum Temperature for past two hours.....	72
Minimum Temperature for past two hours.....	68
Total Rainfall for season, to date.....	10.81

Pine Ridge News Service.
Papers delivered daily during the season to all points on Toll House and Pine Ridge roads. Agents at all stations.

LOCAL BREVIETIES.

Sterling bicycles run easy.
Repaint the courthouse dome!
Baseball at Athletic Park today.

Dr. Miller, dentist, Bradley block.
Harness and saddle at Schlesier's.
Run for four hours, \$1.50, Ohi Dexter.

The city trustees will meet tomorrow evening.

Tente, campers' supplies. Dorsey & Parker's.

Pure fruit ices today at Norton & Brunton's.

For sale cheap—new typewriter. Box 3, this office.

REPUBLICANS vs. Santa Claras at Athletic Park today.

Dr. P. N. Russell will return from the east about July 31.

Put up your teams at City Stables July 4th. Corner H and Market.

The total receipts of Sunday's game go to the benefit of the home team.

REPUBLICAN office, telephone main 97. Editorial room, main 101.

Ray, J. W. Webb will preach this morning at the Congregational church.

The first carload of dried apricots this season was shipped from Hanford Friday.

Two undefeated clubs meet on Sunday at Athletic Park—FRESNO REPUBLICANS and Santa Claras.

Order your ice from the new company—The Donner Ice Co.; W. L. Gossman, manager. Telephone 49.

The Santa Claras and the REPUBLICANS will cross bats at Athletic Park today. It will be a first class game.

A complaint has been filed against Scott Smith charging him with riding a bicycle at night without a headlight. The condition of Felipe Vargas, who had his jaw fractured in two places in a runaway accident at Los Banos, is improving.

George Gracelaw pleaded not guilty to a charge of disturbing the peace before Recorder Clark yesterday. His trial was not set.

Angiola is to be the name of a new town on the old road, 28 miles south of Ilanford. The sign is on the Dogpile tract.

Parties desirous of attending the Jubilee banquet Tuesday evening must obtain their tickets at once, as they are limited in number.

John Miller, charged with vagrancy, pleaded guilty before Justice Austin yesterday and demanded a jury trial. His case was not set.

For \$2.75 you can get both the WEEKLY REPUBLICAN and the INTERIOR (Fresno's illustrated monthly) for one year. Send orders to REPUBLICAN office.

Henry Myers and A. Freeman, who were charged with stealing a hat from an employee at the Depot hotel, were found not guilty in Recorder Clark's court.

The ball game today between the Santa Claras and REPUBLICANS will be for the benefit of the home team. Turn out everybody and make the boys happy.

Fulton G. Berry is starting a dime museum. He has already had manufactured at his ranch a two-legged dog. The next freak will probably be a four-legged gentelman.

The saloon men say they would be glad if the city were rid of the nickel-in-the-slot machines. Change is a square deal to them, which would otherwise be spent for drinks.

Judson Appleby has been reappointed principal of the Kroeger school, and Miss Lenora Bennett has been chosen to succeed Mrs. F. T. Barker, who was recently elected to a position in the city schools.

Nick Marlich & Co. have repurchased their old restaurant (The Universal), opposite Lingling hotel, where Nick will be glad to see his old friends and patrons and the public generally. Open day.

L. P. Thainnes mandamus County Auditor Barnum yesterday to compel him to draw a warrant in his ("timidus") favor for \$100 back and \$100. The action is a new development of an old case, with which the public is already familiar.

The board of education will meet on July 4th, and will then consider applications for the city superintendent and the two vacant positions in the teaching corps of the high school. The introduction of a commercial course in the high school will also be brought up.

One of the Union Ice Company's wagons collided with a cart containing a German lady and several boxes of blackberries on Tulare street yesterday afternoon. The cart was overturned and the woman and her blackberry barrel fell onto the pavement. No damage was done except to the berries.

H. C. Gill has received the position of secretary of the Athletic Park Association and also the secretaryship of the Fresno and Pomona Association. The latter interests demanding all of his time and attention, both in Fresno and other fields. Mr. Gill made an energetic official and the associations will miss him.

Three Chinese, two men and a woman, were arrested last night for being in this country illegally. The officers appear to have been somewhat hasty, however, for the men were able to produce certificates and had been discharged. The woman, Mrs. Siu Yit, said her certificate was in San Francisco, and she was given until Wednesday to produce it.

John Lindsey, of Lindsay Brothers of Sanger, passed through Fresno yesterday, eighteen horses and a stage on the way to Raymond. The coach and horses will be used on the Washburn Brothers' stage line to the Yosemite. Travel into the valley is very heavy, and the company has had to hire many horses and conveyances to accommodate the tourists.

The ingenuous young men who fixed my bedstead came around the other day and explained that it was the wire mattress that had gone wrong, not the bedstead with his wife. So he raised the mattress, and now the bedstead is all right and nothing wakes me except my neighbor's cat. This is written by way of satisfying the ingenuous young man. He appeared to feel pain about something.

"Fresno is the best summer resort in the state,"—As the reporter noticed.

Indeed it is. The climate is delightful.

Today you learn for less, for the mercury is rising.

Tomorrow you need an overcoat and need it much, I'm told.

A man who journeyed northward in a recent auto-mobilist tour, says:

Tootie, when I'm home again, I'll make a little breath.

He won't take an overcoat; he wouldn't.

And now, about that traveler is frozen unto death.

I was glad to see M. Page Minor back,

though it will be for but a little time;

and I am glad, too, to learn that he is

prospering in Arizona. I am but one of

the many friends who give him greeting here.

Good for Elmer Cochran! He never

got in a better blow than when he

planted one on wife-beater Holmes'

jaw. And of course Holmes, that sneak-

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

Concerning His Inquiring Visitors of Yesterday.

I THANK THEE FOR THE WORD

A Very Small Assortment of Matters of Small Importance.

I am in retirement now, and if any of them seek me in my house, which is my castle, they will do it at their own risk, for I cannot be responsible for what I may do.

At shortly after 8 o'clock yesterday morning I was sitting in the Republican office when Parker Lyon came in. He held in his hand a paper containing samples of shades of paint, and he said Supervisor Rose wanted him to secure my opinion of the color in which the courthouse dome ought to be painted.

At once I was filled with dark suspicion of Parker, and told him I was not a guardian of the public taste but merely a low-voiced protest against jingomas perpetuated on the courthouse dome. I expressed the opinion, however, that something not far from the color of the body of the courthouse would look well.

The echoes of Mr. Lyon's footsteps were reverberating among the legs of my snowbound writing table when suddenly he came in again. He produced a sample of painted and said that visitors wanted my opinion. I took a child of suspicion upon me, but I answered him "No" as though I could not help it, and told him to paint it red, white and blue.

The next man telephoned, too. It was Mr. Williams, who was sent for Parker Lyon, and he disclosed his voice so it would round out a sentence. I tell back on earshot with him, and he said that was a funny color and I said he wouldn't think it was in my house.

It is a solemn fact that ten men came to see me and three telephoned to me to find out about the best color for the courthouse dome, all within an hour. There were men among them whom I had never seen before and of whom whom I hope never again. I am still cross-eyed as an effort of looking at them they bring me. From sentence which I have to quote the names of some of the colors they brought for my inspection, and I give you my word that I quote exactly and manufacture nothing. There were dark lead brick red, iron brown, dark olive, yellow, orange, road-cart red, India blue, vermillion, peach green, tinker green. It is a fact, however, that many of them would have an improvement over the present color of the dome.

But my personal suffering would be nothing if only the supervisors really had concluded in repudiation that dome. If only I dared to feel that they had been born again, it would not matter. But I have no reason to suppose that they have. To be sure, Parker Lyon mentioned Supervisor Rose's name, but that proves nothing except that Mr. Rose is not the only one who has no hope.

The slow days come and the slow days go, and still those stand like a bilious monument to colicky misery. Men gaze upon it and go home to shun their families. Women look upon it, and in their bitter anguish, take to choking gum. Little children are led to the sweet happiness of childhood is turned into bitterness and misery—particularly girls.

Gentlemen of the Board of Supervisors, palit in this color, any color in it is something different from the present. We look on it as it is, and next morning our tongues are of the same basic color. Give us a change, and I will devote my day to letting the boys come around to ask me my opinion of color.

"A barely perceptible smile lurks in the corners of the mobile mouth, which would indicate that the smile had been in some manner dissipated."

REPORTER FOR THE FRESNO TRIBUNE.

As a number of Fresno people are stopping at this place and all of them either subscribe for the REPUBLICANS or borrow it from a neighbor to read, I thought a few words might be of interest.

It is an ideal place for campers, and many prefer to spend their vacation here after visiting a week in the Yosemite valley. The price of nearly everything necessary for camp life has been reduced about one-half from the rates prevailing in former years and can be purchased at Fresno prices.

There is plenty of fishing and hunting and the climate is delightful.

Dr. T. M. Hayden and L. A. Gould and families are camped here after spending a week in the valley.

George Bernhard of Fresno is swinging a meat ax in the butcher shop here.

George M. Tuller and family of Soloma and Mrs. Newton of Fresno are the latest campers to pitch their tent for a week.

They are going to the Yosemite valley to fish and hunt.

The Stevens camp seems to be the most popular, and the neighbors gather there in the evening to spend a few hours around the camp fire.

A large dancing platform is being erected, and the first "hop" of the season will be given in a few days.

John Stevens, superintendent of the stage line from Raymond to the Yosemite, went to Fresno Tuesday on business.

The Chinese White of Fresno is a popular stage driver from this point into the Yosemite valley.

Miss Macra Stevens handled some polemonium plant and has a very nice face, which causes her much suffering.

Mrs. John Washburn, wife of one of the proprietors of the Wawona hotel, came up from San Francisco Monday and will remain until the

A STRANGE MEETING.

By PERCY RUSSELL.

(Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)
When we actually obtain that which we have most ardently longed for, it often happens that we find the possessions more troublesome than we thought. This is the usual history of human nature and will doubtless continue to be so.

Walter More had longed for beauty and solitude, and now in his own New Zealand, where he had roamed only with bushmen and found his sides—bird nests hidden—with the flowers of the native grasses he certainly appreciated both beauty. He had longed for simplicity too, and must indeed be held that yet he was no slob-sided man that he knew it.

He was, or thought himself to be a strong man, too, for he was no descendant from that famous Cromer More of Bamfords, south Yorkshire, who became in the woods without his sword, which happened to be at the aractor's for repair, was attacked by an enormous wildcat and fought the beast for hours, gradually drawing near the parish church, in the porch of which the terrible day ended in the death of both man and beast, as the dreadful stains in the firs told, aggravated, while was there set a statue within of a man and lion couchant to commemorate the awful legend.

Walter More had very pronounced ideas on the subject of ancestry, and he was proud of this strong and courageous progenitor of his who would yield his life only with that of his enemy, and then did not some others imagine in his more meritorious moments that in the past, sundry passions destroyed at his famous English hearthstone, now a mere graveyard monument, had been as fierce and fell as the teeth and talons of the ferocious beasts whose slingers cost his ancestor his very lifeblood?

It has been said with the usual exactitude of such sweeping epithets that to live alone a man must be a beast or a fool, but Walter More was unusually neither, although there were times when the felt thoroughly misanthropic, as was the case now on learning from a traveling prospector that a large clearing in his own location, which belonged to a rich sheep-breeding New Zealand colonist, and had been much neglected, was to be again occupied by the owner and his family, who had already sent on his informant said quite a train of traps and wagons with furniture and stores to prepare the place for its owners.

It was a well part of the Middle Island, Rich Shilling Lands, still in a state of nature, covered more or less with dense forest, extending to the foot of the southern Alps, where the tremendous pines grow under the southern cross. Here Mount Cook soars up far into the regions of perpetual snow, and Lake Pukaki, beside its silent waters to the foot of the mighty Tasman's glacier, and although in all directions alpine peaks are now being rapidly taken up at this time the greater part of the country was entirely unoccupied. Coal and gold are known to abound in these regions, but the forests are great obstacles, as the trees are of the largest and grow close together, and thus the work of clearing is very difficult.

Walter More had put up his little house in a small natural glade. It was quite surrounded by trees, round and up to the very top clustered the padawanas, the New Zealand palms, with its crimson white blossoms, and near his door More had planted some elephantines, a glorious flower is this, each stem of about a yard high bearing several pure white golden centred blossoms, while the kauri, that gigantic buttress of the earth seas, spread its gorgeous canopy all about the open space around this veritable lodge in a vast wilderness.

Bright against the one small window of the hut was reared the secret howdah, which is peculiar to New Zealand and bears masses of blossoms of pure scarlet, shaped like a great broad bean, or a parrot's bill, and making the place where they grow all glow with their intense brightness. Now and again there rounded the clear, bell-like notes of the mao-noko, that honey-toned bird who is said to be dying out ever since the introduction of the bee who lies in the blossoms and stings the intruding honey-eater.

Alas! dear More had quite a charming summer house externally, but internally his abode was rather rough. His little place was only a barefoot platform covered with blankets, and a few pots and pans, an ax and a spade, had filled the old headed steer for digging up kauri gum constituted most of the furniture. More was not a cultivator; he had found in and about his sylvan bower large deposits of fossil kauri gum, and for this he had a ready sale at the port, whether he went periodically loaded like a pack horse. With the price of his gum he bought tobacco and some necessities—he was a strange man in his method—and then spent the remainder in drinking and "treatin' " sake of the wild characters found in every New Zealand, and when the last expense was gone he would tramp back to his distant hut and meditate morosely for some days, forming resolutions to save and avoid future temptation. Then he would go into certain fastnesses of the pine forest, known to him, only to himself, and slave away digging up great lumps of the fine fossil kauri gum, which makes such good varnishes—and more more march down to the port, leaving all the while the means to throw away the greater part of his hard-earned money and to repeat thereof afterwards.

It is terrible how powerful habit becomes. More had only himself to content for his permitted of no intimacy with every one at a distance, and when his own better sense suggested a more prudent course of life, he would answer himself bitterly: "To what purpose? Why, it's not worth while!"

A few people not specially informed have any idea of the number of men who find in the Australasian colonies an asylum for mercantile difficulties and matrimonial troubles. More was a man over 40, and, although supposed to be single—an ordinary sample of the poor immigrant without capital—he had a history which may be briefly stated as follows:

Walter had educated, but orphaned in youth, he had gone into the office of a London wine merchant, and eventually embarking therein all his little capital worked up a business in the city, numbering among his supports many stock of the better type, and doing what is known as the single-life British trade. No man stuck more closely to the place at last—twice as much to it as to everybody else, always quarreling and declaiming what they could do if only they had the chance. Well, they say that they shall take to gun digging, and one fellow got \$900 homes in about six hours and cleared a yard. Take care they don't understand them. They're dangerous fellows.

More had sought to entangle his friend in a certain business as they successively got married, but he had the advantage of his antecedents at the

court of the absent owner of the judgment, settling so long abandoned to dissolution, and the bad news about his son was hard to his shoulder, but the Maori clapped his hands to his eyes and, leaning down, raged by More and fled right into the thicket of the trees.

The Maori glared down at the moulting gull on the ground. It was a young, still fair, and as she lay on her back with her face upturned and ghostly in the green twilight he recognized at a glance her.

More's magnificence are the forests of New Zealand than those of Australia. Hill and valley and plain are often covered with dense timber, and here may be seen every conceivable tint of green. The kauri tree, with its dark green velvety leaves being contrasted with the yellowish foliage of the kowhai, with luminous glowing yellow flowers, cluster about the stately nobility of the world.

No wonder that New Zealand is reckoned as still rich in her forests, seeing that even now they are probably 6,000,000,000 cubic feet.

More, provided with his spear and gun, was wading his way through a tangled labyrinth known, he imagined, only to himself to look for her, and while walking back for his basket on More accompanying him, he explained that Mrs. Magent had entered his family in Devonshire, and that when he had determined to return to New Zealand he had sold out of an estate there that he had left his wife's name on the title-deeds.

While More was abundantly transparent, the fisherman was exacting and clever every trying circumstance, seeing that her father was exacting and selfish and thought of himself first of all. More had no portion, for the family was as poor as it was old, and the pedigree of the Lindendales was a tree of life, befitting dimensions, and more, not seeing any particular reason why, was used to speak for the peasants who are found buried in the soil. He was thinking of many things of the past, and his thoughts were, as usual, bitter and cynical.

His neighbor had, he knew, arrived, and somehow he felt as though all his peace had gone. Yes, he would be glad to put up a new whare. And then he felt aggrieved that even how his solitude was to be broken. He was indeed in a savage, remorse mood, and strayed on to the low, common, single, bottle-bottomed plate glass fronted houses of the west coast. She had gathered him a basket of wild flowers, and this pauperized daughter and sister in the course of a month.

More, though increasing misfortunes beset him, was scarcely married to his wife under an unchangeable roof, she told her husband, been through a long domestic martyrdom, and meant to enjoy herself at last. It appeared that so long as she had her will it was her husband's happiness that was a matter of no consequence. She insisted on the entire abandonment of the "low, common, single, bottle-bottomed plate glass fronted houses of the west coast." She had gathered him a basket of wild flowers, and this pauperized daughter and sister in the course of a month.

Lately, too, he had fancied that piercings and paying hands had been about his little ledge during his absence. Some of his flowers had certainly been gathered, and this pauperized More, to rent a decent, set up a carriage, dine free for that meal, a company that invited his soul, and began to live like a woman of fashion.

"You know you would marry a lady," was his reply to his monuments. It was easy to point out that every hand spent there meant a thousand lost in the future. She laughed at him for a "wasty, rusty, old thing," and for a space half-puzzled, half-puzzled him to acquiesce in her ever increasing extravagance.

More was a man of much simplicity, but of sound sense, and he did not like, as he said, beginning at the place where he meant to end, but his wife was a resourceful, witty and artful woman, and he weakly yielded. Then troubles accumulated; his capital was quite gone, and he proved unsuited for a west coast business and made many bad debts.

His cup of bitterness, however, only grew over when, owing to his obstinate ratiocination, he had to leave his home, and this pauperized More, to whom he did not believe either a Maori or a bushman was at all likely to go plucking roses in such a place, while, worse still, he had apparently given up all, a man had appeared at the post of your circumstance, living all by yourself in a wharving area, and your wife immediately declared that Providence had brought her near you. We did not know what to do or what to advise, as you had the character, expense now, for being just a little misanthropic and unneighborly, and we were too anxious to bring about a reconciliation to precipitate matters too soon.

Your wife, in spite of all we could say, would go down to your village and poor in and bring away some of your flowers. Then we were warned that two Maoris and their leader were prowling about, and this induced me on missing her to day to cease down with some of my trouble to see that no harm happened to her. However, all has ended well, and I think you cannot do better than stay with us, at all events until we have had Mrs. More's gone."

There was a shiver in Mr. Magent's manner that went to More's heart. He felt all at once heartily ashamed of his meanness, and he felt, too, all his old tenderness come flooding back to him, he could see nothing. He resumed his progress. Was his neighbor already tracking him to ascertain the whereabouts of his rich deposit of the precious gum? Shimpo on him if he word. And now he became aware that a tame weka was following close in his footsteps. The weka is a New Zealand fowl something like a wingless pheasant—a true ootrix and the most inquisitive creature under the sun. Whenever a man sits or rests in the bush, it must go right up to him, although usually its life pays the forfeit of its curiosity. More was a man who hated killing for sport, and this particular bird had become attached to him like a dog and often followed him about, but not being inquisitive about him proved of use by directing his notice to the child of his wife.

The Magent home was a good specimen of a sheep station, a little dilapidated through being shut up for some time, but otherwise well-appeared, and to More, used so long to a word or two like pistol shots and chaffed all day to think that anybody should presume to patronize him and treat him like a beggar, as he pleased it, tossing him in a crust of conventional hospitality. In a word, he was nervous, suspicious, irritable and felt at war with himself, more than with the world which had used him so ill.

Yes, certainly, he thought he must be followed. He looked hurriedly but searchingly round him and fancied that he could see some garment in the distance among the trees, and—yes! after all, his eyes used to the twilight of the forest, detected two figures or parts of figures in outline. When looking again, he could see nothing. He resumed his progress. Was his neighbor already tracking him to ascertain the whereabouts of his rich deposit of the precious gum? Shimpo on him if he word. And now he became aware that a tame weka was following close in his footsteps. The weka is a New Zealand fowl something like a wingless pheasant—a true ootrix and the most inquisitive creature under the sun. Whenever a man sits or rests in the bush, it must go right up to him, although usually its life pays the forfeit of its curiosity. More was a man who hated killing for sport, and this particular bird had become attached to him like a dog and often followed him about, but not being inquisitive about him proved of use by directing his notice to the child of his wife.

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More, though increasing in all directions alpine peaks are now being rapidly taken up at this time the greater part of the country was entirely unoccupied. Coal and gold are known to abound in these regions, but the forests are great obstacles, as the trees are of the largest and grow close together, and thus the work of clearing is very difficult.

And so capitated in the falls out.

And so carried his troubles into his house and soon made matters worse.

Then came stormy scenes at home, and his wife began to lament that she had ever married a vulgar money grubber, one who, she declared, was but no respect for a gentleman. This strong More, and he told her to go to her own friends, and she with an equally bitter spirit declared that she would.

Meanwhile business fell off, creditors since his last visit. There were deep furrows that he had never made and a quantity of the clear yellow gum lay about in small fragments. More felt like a man ruined. It is true he had no special title to the deposits, but it had come late to be to him as his own property, and to a man bankrupt in fortune and happiness even a shred of something he called his own was dear and sacred. "Yes," he said to himself, "I might have guessed as much. It's those rascally Maoris who have found me out."

The next day on returning to his house—it had long ceased to be his home—More found a letter from his wife saying that after his brutal conduct she had determined to leave him and that she had found a refuge with some of her own friends.

More was like a man dismasted.

He loved his wife at bottom, and already repented his late violence. He neglected his business and spent much money in tracing her out, and at length found that she had entered a rich family in Devonshire, a sort of companion and governess. Beatrix, on his appealing to her to return, flatly refused, and said that she should enjoy the liberty that his cruel, cowardly blow had given her. The rest is soon told. More found himself absolutely ruined, and shrinking from the exposure of bankruptcy, left the wreckage to his creditors, and took a steamer passage to New Zealand, and after sundry experiences went into the bush, squatted and, finding a rich deposit of fossil kauri gum that had escaped the regular bush digger, drifted into the wildness existence I have described, attended with fits of dissipation which ravished his soul on each occasion when he reached what he bitterly called his forest lair and soberly reviewed his past.

He was not, he now felt, capable of making a new start. He had failed in every sense—wrecking his fortune and his happiness. He hated the old restraints of life, but then was his own master. He had on several occasions had offers of partnership from one like himself, and proposals to "clear" and work up a "bush farm," but as he said, "to what purpose?" He had neither wife nor child. He liked being alone, as there was then no one to reproach him or to remind him of what he had done.

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WAS AT WATERLOO.

REDUCING FARES.

PEERS IN BUSINESS.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE IN TRADE.

The Nerve Power of Man.

Vicomte Supporting Himself by Playing Hand Organ—Arithmetical Journals, Painters, Decorative Artists, Grocers and Books.

Experience Proves That It Is Electricity, and That Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt Will Restore It.

A great many men from twenty to fifty years of age have indications of a waste of nerve power. They have spells of weakness which seem most unnatural in a strong man. Spots float before the eyes, slight pains come in the back, and the memory becomes less reliable. Then a train of aggravating symptoms appear, showing that the nerves have lost their strength, the mind has not its old vigor, and the physical man seems to have declined. Comparing his present condition with the man of five years ago, he can see the failure of his general vitality, and he knows there is a secret waste going on which will in time rob him of all vital power, rendering him subject to every prevailing disease and ruining his constitution generally. This is nervous debility, from which nine out of ten suffer in a more or less degree. If checked early a permanent cure is possible, but if allowed to progress it will destroy the strongest physical organization. This disease starts from excessive taxation of the brain, nerves or muscles, causing the exhaustion of the material vital force, and as the power grows less daily, from continued wear and tear.

Having taken this step, they intend to make the most of it and accordingly have issued a curious circular, part of which is a defense of their action. Altogether, it is a most unique document for a business house in circulate among prospective patrons. In fact, it says:

"When our ancestors, Queen Marie Antoinette, was in the Temple, she started the stockings of the dauphin and of one illustrious grandfather, and the world did not think that in doing so she had descended in the slightest degree from her lofty position."

"When Louis XVII. became a waif in order to provide bread for his children and worked late in the night, making firewood, he acted in a manner that deserved the approbation of every one. Our father has also worked for his livelihood, and on July 23, 1857, he wrote as follows to one Amelie Amedee:

"I know that having numerous children and no property, I was obliged to work in good faith. That is true, but I worked with courage and contentment, and in the evening when I came home, weary after my day's work, I was the happiest of men as I sat there and listened to my wife while she told me how the children had behaved themselves during the day."

"Charles XI. put aside and the head of our house, being the heir of Louis XVII., earned his livelihood by manual labor and by training, and the comfort which he now enjoys is the result of that labor. We, too, are resolved to work and earn our bread."

"But, alas, our name closes every ear to us. Since the court of appeals in Paris has not given us our rights we, through the children of France, are legally not Frenchmen. We cannot become soldiers, though we are the descendants of so many brave soldiers—of Philip Augustus, of St. Louis, of Francis I and Henry IV. If we want to become soldiers, we must either become naturalized here or go into service in the foreign legions. In other words, we cannot become soldiers unless we are supernaturally rational. He has since received a very intelligent letter from his daughter, Miss Anna A. Goode, who lost her reason because of religious and as a result of a sermon that she heard on hell. Miss Goode was formerly a very intelligent young woman and was amanuensis for D. B. Strange, the worthy brother of Salem, who gave up his penitential work.

"Mrs. Doughty found her running wild in the woods, and she took him to Jesus Christ and obeyed his order to go to the house. The preacher, who believed in divine healing, had prayers and anointed the girl with oil and left her apparently rational. He has since received a very intelligent letter from his daughter, Miss Anna A. Goode, who lost her reason because of religious and as a result of a sermon that she heard on hell. Miss Goode was formerly a very intelligent young woman and was amanuensis for D. B. Strange, the worthy brother of Salem, who gave up his penitential work.

"For several years we have lived in the south of France, and there we propose to remain. The wine business is prospering now in the south of France, and we propose to engage in it. We will have no secrets from you, she who offers you our services, are your relatives and friends."

"In looking over the list of aristocratic folks in trade one finds that the number is constantly increasing, particularly in England, where the highest, even when already rich, do not hesitate to add to their worldly store by devoting into trade. It may be one of the evidences of progress, but on the continent the world as yet moves slowly in this respect."

"An examination of the British house of lords shows that many of its high and mighty members, though in the various walks of commerce, some of them with surprising success, are for instance, Lord Sudeley is one of the greatest Jain manufacturers in England."

"Lord Chelmsford derives the greater portion of his wealth from his ribbon manufacturer in and around Coventry. Lord Masham is a wool spinner, while Lord Armstrong may be described as the British Krupp, journalist represented in the peerage by the Earl of Drysant, formerly editor of Vanity Fair and now one of its regular contributors, while Lord Mountnorris is editor of Lady Colin Campbell's weekly paper, The Reindeer."

"George L. Tickner, who has seen little of civilization for 20 years, came down to Winsted, Pa., from the mountains recently to learn who had been elected president last November. After being told he returned to his home among the rocks. Before he went to the earth he was in love, and when he returned his sweetheart had either gone away or married. Then he went into the woods and built the cabin where he has since lived."—Philadelphia Record.

"The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the queen, adds to his income by his earnings as a designer and partner in a firm of house decorators, and another son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, is a banker. Then, of course, there is that grotesque man Viscount Biron, who is destined to succeed to the ancient earldom of Pontefract, who goes about in London grubbing an organ and gathering in the small coins that are thrown his way."

"Lord Loudonberry and Lord Dudley, besides many other peers, not only in cool, but retail it, having it peddled in the streets of London in carts bearing their coronets and names."

"Lord Portsmouth, the peer who enjoys the distinction of wearing the shortest trousers in the house of parliament, although enormously wealthy, does not disdain to earn a respectable income as an itinerant green grocer, and carts bearing his name and title are to be met peddling vegetables from house to house in and around his beautiful pine in Hampshire."

"The number of peers who are interested in the ale, beer and liquor trades is legion, some of them owning the public houses or saloons in which the liquors are retailed.—Philadelphia Inquirer."

"He is now 97 years old and hopes to live out the century."—Boston Herald.

IN THE SHADOW.

The Annual Migration.

We are off for a month to Europe.

In long up and down, with a host of quibbles from Scotland down to the Isle of Wight through the Tower of London and all around Paris.

And then there's the day by day or night.

That will set us back.

We'll take a day at Paris.

Where we'll sample strolls, walks, and leaps through old Vienna.

With our solters and her bands.

Play in Constantinople.

We'll see the turkish tank.

Who sits and who sits with other folks.

They're off to go to work.

We ain't much afloat on pictures.

The dogs are paid.

With the dogs up, "pawing."

Just sooty our recent outfit.

We'll drop for an hour on Madrid.

To tote the grape tank.

And then to Monte Carlo.

We'll break the damed old hawk.

Pitting News.

At the rock show.

Tramp—I hear you anything, madam, to spare for a poor wayfaring this morning?

Madam—Yes. You can go right out to the wind shed and indulge in cold choco and oats to your heart's content.—Boston Courier.

Easy Proof.

Prospective Purchaser—You say he's a savage watchdog?

Owner—Yes, indeed.

"But how am I to know that?"

"Try 'em. Yes! go outside with me and climb in at that window."—Chicago Record.

Excel.

"We have found out why Nora breaks so much chain."

"Why is it?"

"She says she gets so dead tired washing the same old dishes over and over."—Detroit Free Press.

There are others.

"What is your husband's politics?" asked the new neighbor.

"Jim," said the lady addressed.

"Jim? He's a anti."

"No, not anti what; just a anti. He's in'ly in'ly what happens to be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Social Discourse.

"Doesn't it make you and when you think of the poor?"

"Why, no, not particularly. It makes me mad, though, when I think of the poor."

"Anti what?"

"No, not anti what; just a anti. He's in'ly in'ly what happens to be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Felix Gabriel Moreau, the new premier of Quebec, was honored by Franco with the title of "officer of justice" in 1881.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

Deserted From the British Army White Standard. In Canada—the Queen to Be Presented to Grant Him an Honorable Discharge.

Living in the busy city of Lyon, Mass., spending the last days of a momentous and dramatic life, honored by all who know him, is John Henry Beard, one of the few survivors of the battle of Waterloo.

This man, nearing the century mark in life, is still in possession of all his faculties and is looking forward with much pleasure to June 21, when he will be the special guest of the Englishmen of the commonwealth of Massachusetts at the celebration of the anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria.

"One an Englishman, always an Englishman." It is his idea, but he has nothing but the kindest feelings for the country of his adoption. Still he takes great interest in the happenings on the other side of the ocean and daily reads the cable dispatches and commentaries on the changes that have taken place since he shouldered a musket and marched from Brussels to take part in the battle of Waterloo.

Having taken part in this battle, fighting on the side of the victors, is of itself a great distinction, but being among the last survivors of this battle, in which over 200,000 men took part, is to have honor thrust upon him, Mr. Beard thinks.

That the Englishmen of Massachusetts admit the man who fought with Wellington is evidenced by the fact that he will be present at the anniversary ceremonies and the quest of honor. Not only this, but a monster petition is being prepared, which will be presented to the queen, asking her to grant a discharge to this former soldier of Great Britain.

After an honorable service in the army he left without leave, and although this was 80 years ago, he desired a discharge, and Ambassador Pauncefot, the representative of England at Washington, has taken such an interest in the old gentleman that there remains but little doubt in his mind that an honorable discharge will be granted to him.

Few men have lived a more dramatic life than Mr. Beard, and his delights in telling to the younger generation of the exciting times when Napoleon was spreading consternation throughout Europe and England was almost at his mercy. His ancestors for several centuries had been in the army, and his father was colonel of the Sixty-sixth English regiment, stationed at Louvain, when young Beard was born. He visited Louvain in 1840 and even then found it impossible to discover exactly where the old fort was located.

On Nov. 15, 1800, he was born, and for 15 years he lived with the soldiers, saw them drill and was taught military usage and drills.

At the age of 15 he joined the regiment commanded by his father, and a few days after he had celebrated his birthday he was a popular soldier in the service of England and a member of the Sixty-sixth regiment.

While the regiment remained in England Mr. Beard said, "the recruits were given the hardest kind of tasks. I remember that the first day I enlisted I was detailed on the guard. I had seen so many military evolutions and been drilled so hard that I was profligate in that branch, but when I came to walk up and down all night I remembered I was very tired. I had an idea that my father would be watching me, and sure enough, in the early morning I saw a man approach. He was coming noiselessly, and I thought that something was wrong. I limited him, and it proved to be the colonel of the regiment, my father. He had come out to try me and found that I was doing my duty. That pleased him greatly, but he did not show it. He only said that he was glad I was doing my duty as a soldier, and that I was no longer a boy, but was a man."

It was shortly after this that the regiment was ordered to the continent to form part of the allied armies against Napoleon. Young Beard accompanied his father's commands. On the march through France and Belgium to the Rhine he was present at the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded three times in the hip, being struck by two bullets at nearly the same instant and being hit again as he lay wounded on the ground. He was carried to the rear, and there saw Napoleon as the latter was on his retreat toward Paris.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo he says that his regiment marched back and forth from one place to another and were always within hearing distance of the French guns. They were not called upon to enter the conflict until the decisive day, when orders came early in the morning to march to the front. Young Beard was in the front ranks of his father's command and remembers, as if it were yesterday, the squares formed by the English soldiers where the French cavalry "fanned" itself away.

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Young Beard's regiment was ordered to remain and he accompanied it there. It was soon after he reached the age of 21 that he received a leave of absence for a few days, ostensibly to enjoy hunting in the woods. He had heard stories of the fabulously wealthy "States" and resolved that his experience in the army should cause him to leave Canada and walk to Richmond, Me., where he walked and has since resided, except when in Lynn with his daughter.

He is now 97 years old and hopes to live out the century.—Boston Herald.

IN THE SHADOW.

Oh, she will have the deep, dark heart, for her face is full—As deep and dark as the shadows beneath the clouds of her hair.

For in her spirit dwells that no white light can dispel, and her eyes are like the depths of the ocean.

And this is the darkness of her spirit, the darkness of her heart.

She has two hands, but both are black.

She takes her soul and blows them forth as if they were smoke.

And one falls back upon her breast that is as black as the sea grave.

"The Hill of Dreams," by Diana Mackay.

There are others.

"What is your husband's politics?" asked the new neighbor.

"Jim," said the lady addressed.

"Jim? He's an anti."

"No, not anti what; just a anti. He's in'ly in'ly what happens to be."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

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This man, nearing

REPORT ON VINEYARDS

The Crop Will About Equal Last Year's.

DAMAGE DONE BY THE THRITS

Meeting of the Farmers' Club Executive Committee Yesterday

—The Pure Food Law.

The executive committee of the Fresno County Farmers' Club had an interesting meeting yesterday afternoon. The chief topics discussed were the condition of the vineyards and the crop prospects.

The vineyard committee, Alex Gordon, chairman, made a report that was anything but reassuring. It didn't nearly altogether with the destruction wrought by the thrits; still, the damage might be much worse, which it stated rather as a fact than by way of conclusion.

The committee reported that the thrits had destroyed the foliage in most of the Thompson Seedless and Sultanina vineyards, and clusters of grapes have been and will be ruined by sun burn. With few exceptions, the affected crop will be a failure.

Muscats have been badly damaged, though there are some good vineyards in certain localities. The vintage will probably fail short of that of 1896 and will be of inferior quality.

There was some discussion on the matter of protecting the clusters from the sun, and the general opinion was that the best way to do this is to put trays over the vines, however.

Some vineyards are cut off at the ends of the vines to cover the clusters in the winter. This is condemned, as they end soon dry up and perish the fruit more than when exposed to the sun.

This method has been tried and pronounced by those who tried it as a failure. The only feasible way of protecting the fruit is considered that of spreading trays over the vines.

The vineyard committee thought that on the whole the crop would be no larger than last year.

The club is giving considerable attention to the pure food question, and it is decided that it will start out on a pure food crusade as soon as the investigations now so long have been completed. N. L. E. Bachman was appointed a committee of one at a recent meeting of the club to look into the matter, and since then George L. Warlow has been added to the committee. Mr. Bachman was a member of the legislature of 1895, which passed quite a comprehensive law against the adulteration of foods, drugs and medicines and gave the chief medical authority he is thoroughly conversant with it.

The term "drug" as used in the act includes all medicines for internal or external use, antiseptics, disinfectants, cosmetics; while the term "food" includes all articles used for food or drink by man, whether simple, mixed or compound.

The violation of the act is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding \$100 nor less than \$25, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding 100 days, or less than 30 days, or both.

In addition to this act, there are several special acts prohibiting the manufacture and sale of imitation butter, cheese, honey, etc.

All these matters come within the purview of the county health officer, whose duty, according to the law, it is to enforce all orders and ordinances of the board of supervisors pertaining to sanitary matters and other quiet regulations and rules made by the state or by cities, etc. The Farmers' Club believes there is an excellent chance for Fresno's county health officer to earn his salary and do a great deal of good besides, and as soon as it will be looked further into the matter it will probably send a committee to confer with the supervisor regarding the strict enforcement of the laws against the adulteration of food and drugs.

UNLOADING.

Kutner-Goldstein Co. Propose to do It With a Vengeance.

The advertisement of the Kutner-Goldstein Co., in today's Republican speaks with the directness, force and earnestness of truth. No half measures in price. No half measures in advertising. In this concern, when a reduction sale is determined on the knife is applied to prices with heroic thoroughness. Twenty per cent is a tremendous cut on clothing prices in these days, when goods in that line are handled on so small a margin of profit that frequently experts find it difficult to distinguish between the manufacturer's and the retailer's prices. Twenty per cent is the cut advertised by Kutner-Goldstein never before has a clothing department will be the place for grand bargains while this sale lasts. In fact there is no surer way of saving money than by reading, studying and profiting by the advertisements of this house.

PERSONALS.

M. Bustillo is over from Firebaugh. Mrs. B. M. Hart of Los Angeles is in town.

J. H. Gilbert was up from Selma yesterday.

E. H. Kowalsky of San Francisco is in town.

J. P. Marx is in San Francisco on business.

Captain Oettle was in from his ranch yesterday.

F. H. Knorr came up from Los Angeles yesterday.

John Oashin is down from San Francisco on business.

Miss Rena Davidson of Arizona is visiting in Fresno.

County Clerk Hart has returned from the trip to the mines.

Oliver H. Rowell, who for the past two years has been teacher of mathematics in the Fresno high school, will leave tonight to resume the position of

GOLD WATCH FREE

Boys, Girls and Young Ladies.

Every watch is a perfect time-piece; 16 year guaranteed case.

REAL GEMS.

Don't Miss This

Opportunity to score one FREE

CALL AND ASK ABOUT IT

—AT—

Great American Importing Tea Co.

1149 J STREET, FRESNO.

THE FOOD STORES.

100 IN OPERATION.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

Instructor of German in the University of Illinois at Champaign.

S. T. Ferguson of Selma had business in Fresno yesterday.

C. H. Hill of Deloit, Wis., is spending a few days in Fresno.

Professor T. L. H. Astor left for Berkeley yesterday morning.

G. H. Weitz and L. C. Clothier were over from Colfax yesterday.

Jeff Shannon is down from the bay looking after his interests.

Judge Webb is presiding in the superior court of Tulare county.

A. L. McDonald and wife of Madera spent yesterday in Fresno.

E. de Reuter and A. K. Funk came over from Sanger last evening.

A. T. Johns came down from Alameda last evening on business.

K. W. Brown and J. F. Poston were up to Solomons yesterday on business.

J. E. Nicholson, the newspaper man, is confined to his home on O Street by illness.

Miss Mary Allen and W. M. Barr of Fresno were visitors in the county seat yesterday.

Mrs. F. D. Vanderlip and family have gone to San Francisco to spend the summer.

S. C. Jones, superintendent of the Taylor mine at Whitlock, Mariposa county, is in town.

Mrs. F. T. Barker, the school teacher, and daughter have gone to Watsons to spend the summer.

George H. Monroe, Sheriff Scott and Auditor Barnum will leave for the Tuolumne county mining district tomorrow.

Mrs. George H. Monroe and Mrs. W. Parker Lyon leave this morning for Adams Springs, Lake county, where they will spend the summer.

George Pickford will leave today for San Francisco to go home for three months. He is going down on business and will soon be joined by his family.

T. J. Kirk, George W. Jones, J. L. McAllister and D. A. Allison, of the local Masonic lodge, went to Redley last evening to visit the branch of the order there.

Assistant Superintendent Berry of the Postal Telegraph Company is down from San Francisco relieving Manager George R. Andrews of the local office, who is away on his wedding tour.

Mr. Rapelje left for San Francisco last night. Mr. Rapelje is lying in a hospital, where he had an operation performed recently. The case was serious, but he is now improving.

SHEA WILL BE UMPIRE

FINE GAME AT ATHLETIC PARK TODAY.

The Santa Claras Will Face the "Republieans"—A Good Team.

Today at 2 p.m. Joseph Shea, the popular umpire of the Examiner tournament staff, will call game for the great match between the Fresno Republicans and the well-known Santa Claras. The wrangling which the spectators have had to put up with on account of the dissatisfaction caused by the decisions of previous umpires will happily be missing today, as Shea is reported to be a just and impartial umpire, and one whose rulings are always correct.

The happy change—the presence of an official umpire—is due to the efforts of Manager Ward of the Republicans, who prevailed upon the tournament committee to send one of their officials to Fresno.

The game will be sure to delight the "cranks." The visiting team, composed of ballplayers who have played together for years, and have defeated the teams at Santa Cruz, Reliance, Victoria, Imperiale and other star organizations of the big city. This is their first tournament game and they come well recommended. Their pitcher, Steffens, has a splendid reputation, and our boys may have some difficulty in connecting with his delivery. The San Francisco clubs say the best fielding team in the state is the Santa Claras.

The home team, residing at that town, will be given the benefit of the players of the home team, and a large crowd is expected. Its members will play in the same positions in which they played in San Francisco last week. The two teams will appear as follows:

SECRET OF THE TOMBS.

It Was a Wall Up Room Containing Two Corpses.

While the men were engaged in tearing down the old Tombs prison in New York recently they made the discovery that the old pile of Egyptian architecture, which had concealed so many mysteries, had a secret of its own. It was found the old place contained a secret room, which seemed to have been built in the prison and walled up. The room had no entrance, and its contents were found to be two old and dusty coffins.

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NEWS FROM MADEIRA

MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR BRYAN'S VISIT.

The Water Supply Being Renewed.

Amateurs to Produce a Play.

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GENEALOGY.

SANTA CLARA.

Bates..... Catcher..... Graham

Bates..... Outfielder..... Farley

Bates..... Pitcher..... McGuire

McCarthy, Jack..... Shortstop..... P. J. Kelly

McCarthy, Joe..... Second..... Brachvich

Gilbert..... Centerfield..... Robbins

McVey..... Leftfield..... Carroll

"Fulton G. Barry is as bad a crani as there is. He has become so enthusiastic that today he will fit into the Grand Central hotel 'bus in style, and a few more strokes, O'Connor says that he had dropped into an opening. The air coming from the place had the musty smell to it that comes from an open tomb. O'Connor looked inside and saw that the place was a room about 8 feet without window or door.

The hole into the room was enlarged and the light allowed to penetrate. Inside, littered over the floor, were a number of items worn and yellow documents and two coffins for children. The uniforms were leaning against the wall with the lids nailed on them. They were both empty.

One of the old papers dated back as far as 1815 and was an action brought by Elias Coxon against Samuel Lytle for the support of a child. The defendant was ordered to "show cause" before Jameson Cox for Christian Schultz, special justice for the preservation of the peace of the city of New York. The defendant was ordered to appear in the "police office in the city hall."

New line of baby carriages. W. F. McVey.

Footed silk.

Francis W. Bird, the Sage of Wulpole, once went to see Dr. S. G. Huys and found him with his feet swathed in flannel and extended on a chair.

"Howe, what is the matter?" he asked.

"I have got the gout," said Howe.

"You have got the gout—such a terribler man as you!" "Yes, Bird, my ancestors drank wine, and I have to foot the bills!"—Boston Transcript.

Left to Liberty to French.

A man calling himself Elijah Jones and professing sanctification has been playing a star engagement as a religious evangelist of the Methodist faith in Atlanta recently, and created a great deal of interest and aroused much zeal among the faithful by the earnestness of his piety. The local police force received information of the escape of our fugitive Giles from the jail at Huntsville, Ala., and in some remarkable way the description of Giles tallied perfectly with the features and general make up of Jones. Detective Smith arrested him, and he admitted that he was the Sam Giles wanted at Huntsville for grand larceny.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Easy Answer.

On when will we see the tariff?

"As soon as we see the tariff."

On when will the bills be on the hill?

"And when the people are bothered with bills they will be."

And that is the answer they're giving us now!

"As soon as we see the tariff."

And that is the way they are talking each day.

While the people are bothered with bills they will be.

And that's the way the judgment, with nothing to say.

But that's the way the tariff, with nothing to say.

And that's the way we see the tariff."

—Constitution.

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National Organizer Russell in Fresno.

OUTDOOR MEETING LAST NIGHT

The Noted Lecturer Will Speak at Kutter Hall This Evening.